

green and fresh," exclaimed Mrs. Youngwife, as she tripped into the grocery store.

"Yes, madam," replied the grocer, as he put one hand to the side of his mouth, to give his voice a better carrying power, and called:

"Hank, come in here and wait on this lady."

* * *

Little Bobbie's father had taken him to his first football game. Bobby was impressed by the rooting. "Why do they yell that way?" he asked his father. "That gets the other team rattled and helps



win the game," replied his father. That night Bobbie prayed: "Now I lay me down to sleep, etc.," closing with "Rah! rah! rah! Sizz! boom! bah!"

"Why, Bobbie," said a horror-stricken mother, "why did you say that?"

"So's God will be rattled and wont remember about that fib I told this morning," confidently replied the young hopeful.

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Magistrate: "What is your trade, my man?"

Prisoner: "I am a locksmith, sir."

"And what were you doing when the police came on the premises?"

"I was making a bolt for the door, sir."

SENATOR BOB



"I am thankful for this," remarks Bob,

"A scrap is my favorite job; And the way things appear to me now

We are in for a beautiful row."

— o — o —
BILL BRYAN



"I am thankful for this," says Bill J.,

"Though some people call me passe,

I notice they're quiet as mice Whenever I give some advice."